

THE  
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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NOTICE.

ON and after this day, May 6th, 1841, the “Musical World,” will be published by H. Cunningham, No. 1, St. Martin’s Place, Trafalgar Square; where orders, advertisements, and all communications for the Editor, are requested to be sent—Free.

The Publication will, henceforth, take place at 12 o’clock every Thursday, so that London Readers may be supplied in the course of the afternoon, and Country Subscribers will receive their copies by Post, or through their respective Agents on the following day.

A List of Provincial and Foreign Agents will appear next week.

Of all things, the most dangerous to Art and her votaries is indiscriminate applause; indifference is mortifying but innocent, and positive neglect may be vanquished or worn away; while approbation, unprompted by judgment, not only ruins the object, but generates a thousand ephemera where one enduring creature might have been nourished into consistency. The educated, as well as the uneducated vulgar—that is to say, the prejudiced and the uninformed—those who will not admit gold to be gold without the guinea stamp, and those who readily take all to be gold that glitters; such are, alike apt to be led away, and to mislead by the rash and fatal encouragement of the popular at the expense of the intrinsic; yet, the money and plaudits lavished in this way should no more be considered as patronage of Art than the whirlwind, that sweeps away the virgin leaves of flower and weed, deserves to rank as a zephyr giving breath to the rose; or, the whirl of a torrent, washing the earth from the roots of a tree can be likened to the genial dew that nourishes its blossoms and its branches.

We are induced to this train of ideas by the re-consideration, after a third audit, of the composition of M. Vieuxtemps, the Belgian violinist. As a fo-

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reigner, he may not, perhaps, be strictly amenable at the bar of English criticism; but, since exotics usually enjoy the sunny places in our English gardens, we may be permitted to examine and test the qualities of so extraordinary a plant, ere it shall take root and propagate in our soil. Our Parisian neighbours, with their wonted natural ebullition, have *clacquéd* and paragraphed this young artist to the echo; and, as Belgium was a province of Imperial France, they have contrived to claim him as a countryman, and sent him over to us trumpeted and labelled as the ninety-ninth French miracle—a preferable Paganini! a better—most Beethoven! This is sufficient for the fashionists of London and their worshippers, and, for the most part, the musical reporters of the newspapers; each and all of whom, having but few and vague notions of their own, most eagerly imbibe any opinions that come to them scented by foreign air and tinged with the marvellous, be they true or false, just or hyperbolic, wisdom or absurdity. Away then, rushes the million with the stream, content to swallow macadamized granite or milk-and-water, with the same relish, when they are told that it is *veritable creme de la rose*, and that it is the standing dish in high places.

We fear, amidst the rush and the din of this vortexing period, our “still small voice” will have little effect; but we write to the sober-minded and reflective, and to M. Vieuxtemps himself, if he be of that number—we caution him and our readers against the *ignis fatuus* which is likely to bewilder, and will surely betray. M. Vieuxtemps is a lovely player; his tone is music itself—his articulation finished—his bowing the graceful witchery of an enchantress’s wand. Moreover, he does not astound the weak, nor disgust common sense, with a wild exuberance of hair and extravagance of demeanour, as has been customary with the “musical marvellous,” from Paganini downwards. He performs his task without one tittle of mountebank assumption, and he retires, when it is over, with a modest satisfaction at the sensation he has produced—such as mental, and not merely manual talent usually enjoys. Thus far we accord to him the highest commendation we have the power to bestow; but, respecting the material he uses—the noted down monotonies (we cannot call it music) he plays—we entreat him, for his own sake and for ours, to close the books for ever, or to burn them on a votive pile to the Genius of a better and wholesomer taste. Let him grapple with the stalwart achievements of others, rather than waste his ingenuity in bootless endeavours to hide the commonplace weakness of his own attempts; and he may rest assured, if the struggle do not teach him yet better things, will at least exhibit the talent he possesses in a higher and more advantageous light.

It is probable M. Vieuxtemps may not hear, and if he hears, will not heed, our advice—well, be it so—our purpose is, to index the English musical public towards what is best for the “art and its votaries;” and we do most earnestly warn them against the encouragement of a meretricious style of composition for the sake of the skilful dexterity which alone makes it palatable—against the sort of insatiation which discerned not Paganini’s sterling merits, while it extolled his juggling legerdemain as inspiration—against that mania which, by the rattle-snake touch of a Herz, a Thalberg, or a Liszt, has discarded all the poetry of music from the counters of the music-shops, and made every young lady an incipient pianoforte thunderer. We have heard the Paris-lauded *concerto*, which was there said to rival the *Pastoral Symphony*, and which has been here christened

"a fine descriptive scene." Mercy on us! if it be a scene, it must surely be laid at a ladies boarding school, in the "pastoral" purlieu of Pentonville, during the fifty-five minutes after the death of the Governess's lap-dog, and the consequent postponement of the "breaking up" ball. We have also heard the *capriccio*, which was not less extolled by the French *coteries*, and which has been chronicled here as "a classical picture"—a picture indeed (happily in miniature), of the former puny colossus, and "classically" appertaining to the same "mewling and puling" class. In neither of these pieces do we discover any one quality of "a picture," which, according to most people's notions on the subject, means a concentration of objects into one focus, for the production of some tangible, if not startling effect; while the pieces of M. Vieuxtemp's present but a single feature, and their sole effect is, to lull us into a pleasant oblivion, even of themselves; if they be pictures, we defy any one to describe, five minutes after their exhibition, whether they represent a nose or an eye, a palm-tree or the mouth of a coal mine. Even the *Tutti's*, which usually form a part of the musical picture, are of the same undefined uncharacteristic character, and are, in fact, but clumsy arabesque frames to the maudlin tableaux—they are waste leaves, cribbed out of some piece of perpetration in the Berlioz school, which are out of place in their present position, and almost worthless any where.

We have spoken strongly—more so, perhaps, than the subject merits; but extravagant praise is only to be neutralized by potential antidotes; and the injudicious example of the Philharmonic, in taking the *concerto* upon the credit of partizan puffing, while the utmost they will do for native talent, is to give it a trial and reject it on their own very equivocal opinion; and the reception which such unfairness is sure to obtain for the worst and feeblest attempts elsewhere, have urged us to raise our single hand, at least, against the threatened evil—to oppose our own slight, but oaken, barrier against the torrent which prejudice, aided by such example, is prone to create.

But most of all do we implore our native artists to shun the contagion—the contagion of so weak and mawkish, and super-sentimental a sample—which is lacrymose in its tenderness, and blubbing in its joy—which has not even the dash of rhodamontade pianoforte playing to save it from monotony—which is Della Cruscan and Rosa Matilda-ish throughout—and which has as little claim to the title of "music," as wax-doll making has to be called sculpture, or the sugar candy architecture of the confectioner can aspire to be considered a temple to the Deity.

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#### THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(Continued from page 277.)

\*.\* Here a considerable hiatus occurs, several pages containing only broken passages, or heads of topics on which the author probably intended to have enlarged.—ED. M. W.

THE CONCERT.—On leaving my lodgings in the morning, I see a most interesting young lady get into a coach—learn that her name is Emily—am determined to inquire further respecting her.

Engagement of musicians—the oboist's wife will not allow him to come to terms, unless the same conditions are agreed to with her friend the clarinet-player—scruples with regard to precedence.

At last six flutes are engaged, and among them a dilettante, being his first performance on the instrument.

Am thus addressed by my landlord, on my return to my lodgings: "So, sir, you are going to give a concert; it is known everywhere; the girl who went to fetch our beer heard them talking it over in the public-house.

Evening comes—concert empty—all the world gone to see the dancing-dogs which had just arrived in town—more than half my band decoyed away to this exhibition, twenty-four kreutzers (one shilling) a-head more having been offered them.

The thought of Emily inspires me, and makes me play my part with spirit.

Departure for a larger town—feeling of solitude and loneliness among strangers—introduction to Dohl and his friendly circle—who should I meet there but Emily, the lady whom I had seen in the act of departure for X—, and who had made such an impression on my heart!

Sleepless night.

Data for a musical madhouse.

LETTER TO ERNSTHOF.—Well, I have taken leave of my good friend A., and have again dashed into the vortex of the world. I can better endure the storms and buffets of fate than the gnawing pangs of disappointed hope that prey upon the heart in secret. As the soldier learns to despise peril in the dangerous sports of death, so will I acquire confidence and self-possession amidst the trials and tumults of the world.

I could never bring myself to admire those boasted martyrs to their own fancy or enthusiasm, who have rendered themselves illustrious either by self-destruction or some other striking *final chord*.

The smallest flame has its moment of brightness, and there is a moment (I might term it the focus in the burning-glass of existence) in the life of every man, in which he feels himself enkindled, and capacitated to perform something great.

The petty trials, the constant recurring vexations of daily life are the true touchstones by which the glittering gold of your philosophers is put to the test, and which, when submitted to this scrutiny, is so often found to sink into common metal.

How often has it fallen to my lot to observe minds called great, and which at a distance appeared so estimable, and so free from imperfection, dwindle into the most absolute littleness when seen within the narrow limits of the domestic circle—abroad, ever gentle in comportment and pleasing in demeanour; at home, acting the tyrant, and storming at the poor passive wife, if but a pipe be laid out of its proper place—calm and unmoved amidst the ruins of a falling state; fretful and discomposed if but a favourite flower droop and die.

Yet, knowing and feeling all this, how impossible have I always found it—how impossible do I find it at the moment I am writing this—to soar above the annoyances of the instant, and attain to anything like the simple repose of greatness.

What life is more full of perpetually recurring annoyances, of petty evils and vexations, than that of an artist? Free as a god, he ought to stand erect in the consciousness of his power, and to be armed in his art as in a panoply of steel.

"The world, the world, is mine!"

can he exclaim as long he keeps from mingling in its tumult; but these airy dreams vanish, and the semblance of power disappears the moment he enters the empty circle of action of every-day people.

Scarcely have I set my foot over the threshold, than I am beset by such a host of evils and annoyances, that, in spite of my experience, in spite of my resolution to persevere, I would fain change my purpose and retrace my steps. Were not single moments capable of compensating long years of suffering: were it not for the certainty of possessing a friend who anticipates my every thought, what would become of me in this ever-renewed vortex of conflicting feelings, in which my soul is tossed?

Scarcely do I recognise you; your figure flits before my fancy, surrounded by flames, like some divinity encircled by a halo of glory. Never will the moment of our meeting be obliterated from my memory. Amidst the conflict of

elements did fate cement that union which the base and the designing had attempted to destroy. O! let me again recall to your remembrance the day on which I lost all, and found all; let me renew the fading image of those years, in which I experienced the tender cares of the best of mothers—years which are the more precious as their number was so small. My father, who was then in affluent circumstances, spared no expense in giving me the best possible education; I was the idol of his heart; every care was taken to instil into my mind, which was naturally susceptible, a love for the arts. The little talent I possessed began to unfold itself, and was in imminent danger of being ruined for ever; for my father knew no other happiness than that of showing me off. Everything I did was excellent; to the numerous strangers who visited our house he cried me up as a prodigy; I was placed on a level with the first of artists; and thus, without being aware of the extent of the evil, he was gradually destroying that feeling of modest diffidence, which is the life and soul of youthful exertion. At this critical period, heaven sent me in my mother a guardian angel, who preserved me from the precipice. At the same time that she convinced me of my nothingness and insufficiency, she had the address not to stifle the struggling flame—not to cramp those energies which lead to excellence—but to give them a proper direction.

(*To be continued.*)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A HASTY SPARK.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—I should not notice a paltry attack you have permitted to be made upon me, but that silence on my part might be made the groundwork of further assault. The paragraph I allude to, insinuates that the music of my operetta, announced as my own, was composed by Mr. J. H. Tully, of Covent Garden Theatre. I beg to inform you, Sir, that the melodies and harmonies of that operetta are mine; the orchestral arrangement of the principal portion was made by Mr. Tully, of whose professional skill and taste I have always availed myself for all the music I have ever produced upon the stage.

That I did not endeavour to make a secret of it, is sufficiently proved by the fact that Mr. Tully, at my request, was present at all the musical rehearsals, and in communication with the orchestra; I, therefore, have not had the "presumption" to "lay claim" to what I have no right to; and as for the score which your friend supposes to be found (a clumsy contrivance), I beg to inform him that all the "dirt" upon it was acquired in *his own possession*, as I have clean hands.

I have been a subscriber to your paper, but I now withdraw my name, as I will not assist in the support of a publication which is permitted to be the vehicle of paltry malice. —I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SAMUEL LOVER.

[ 24, Charles-street, Berner-street, London, April 28th, 1841.

P.S. I expect the act of justice at your hands to insert this letter in your next publication.

[Right gladly do we perform the "act of justice" Mr. Lover expects of us, thereby proving that we belong to that genus of individuals, Irishmen and others, who can *give and take* without "malice" and without remorse.

Mr. Lover's letter is (doubtless, unintentionally on his part) a compliment to the "Musical World," since it confirms the truth of our assertion, and acknowledges that we usually act justly. We are utterly innocent of any evil intention towards Mr. Lover, but we plead guilty to the "paltry" old fashioned notion that everything, both little and great, should assume its proper station, and be called by its legitimate name. Now, we observe Mr. Lover announced as the "composer" of numberless ballads, in the music shop windows—we see an operetta advertised, both words and music of which he claims—we read, with our own startled eyes, the music of the said operetta in Mr. Tully's hand-writing—and we afford Mr. Lover an opportunity of solving a very questionable enigma. We will now take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Lover an example, which may be more acceptable than the wisest precept we could offer. When his

gifted countryman, Mr. Thomas Moore, whom he seems laudably ambitious to emulate, produced the (then) famous opera of *M.P., or the Blue Stocking*, he, Mr. M., chose to have it stated in the play-bills, as well as in his own title pages, that "the Melodies were selected and composed by the author of the piece, and the symphonies and accompaniments were composed and arranged by Mr. C. Horn." Mr. Moore could well afford to be thus candid, and Mr. Moore would not afford to be less candid to the public, or less generous to his colleague. The million is easily *bothered*, and perhaps satisfied, by conventional phrases; but musicians and well-informed persons, now a days, know well enough that to "compose the music" of a piece really implies the invention of the *whole* music, instrumental as well as vocal; and we believe Mr. Lover would not exhibit one of his very pretty miniatures, as "painted by him," if he had only sketched the outline, and obtained the colouring from another hand.

We have said more than we had intended, and far more than the matter claims; but we must yet take leave to record our regret for having disturbed Mr. Lover's native *bon hommie* and good humour—qualities which serve as a proverb for his very numerous friends—ourselves in the number; and, as he magnanimously (we trust not irrevocably) determines to withdraw his subscription from the support of our "paltry" publication, we will send him a copy of this present number gratis, in order that he may be fully aware of the extent of our humility and contrition.

For a full solution of the above, the gentle reader is referred to the *naughty* paragraph in question, p. 271, April 22.—ED. M. W.]

#### ENGLISH OPERA DISCORD.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—I beg leave to make one or two observations upon the published correspondence of Messrs. Balfe and Phillips.

Mr. Balfe tells us in the beginning of his pamphlet, that he intends bringing an action against Mr. Phillips. If that is his determination, why publish this correspondence? Is not *one* revenge enough? It is like cutting a man's *throat*, and not satisfied with that, kicking him down stairs.

By his own shewing, Balfe *did* engage Miss —, and then, without the least regard to honour or delicacy, he tells Phillips to keep her out of the theatre, or his friends will hiss her off the stage. When she applied for an engagement, had he declined her services, he would have acted in an upright manner, but *he knew* that Phillips would not join him unless he promised to engage Miss —; but the moment Phillips bound himself to the theatre, off flew the mask.

Balfe asserts in his letter, dated Feb. 15th, he has not yet thought of engaging any one in the place of Miss —; but at *that very time*, I believe both Miss Howard and Miss Gould were engaged, one of whom assuredly was intended to supply that lady's place.

Balfe states that the postponement of the opening of the theatre, occasioned by Phillips's absence, was the cause of *great pecuniary loss* to the establishment, the band, chorus, and ballet, being engaged from the 6th of March. Now, it happens that the only persons who suffered by this delay were the band, chorus, ballet, and all those who did not form the Committee; for they were not paid except from the time the theatre actually opened; neither was there any rent to pay, Mr. W. Arnold having agreed to take the seventh of the nightly receipts. Then how can Balfe make good his assertion? Perhaps he means that had the theatre opened according to their first announcement, it would have filled every night, *if the people were disposed to come!* This mode of calculation is not unlike that of the Quack Doctor in Ben Jonson's "Volpone," who says (though not exactly in the precise words), "I am about to make *you* a present of eighteen pence. I usually charge two shillings for these boxes of pills; now, out of my love for you, I will let you have them for sixpence: I thereby make you a present of eighteen pence."

From Balfe's own shewing, he was the first to break faith (I allude to the matter with Miss —); again, according to *his own confession*, he stated an untruth to the public on Easter Thursday, for he had already received Phillips's notice; he, moreover, knew *why* Phillips had left, yet he told the audience *that he could not conceive why Mr. Phillips had absented himself from the English Opera-House.*

I do not profess to defend Mr. Phillips; on the contrary, I think he has greatly offended the public; but Mr. Balfe has shewn a *vindictiveness* that no conduct, however bad, should have called forth. He has *unfeelingly* brought before the eyes of the world,



the private foibles of a female who never injured him or his, in order simply to gratify his *hatred and revenge*; for who can read this pamphlet and not plainly see *MALICE* and not *JUSTICE* at the bottom? He has poignantly wounded the heart of another female—the wife of Mr. Phillips. Perhaps he has destroyed her peace of mind for ever. Can the public justify this?

The course he should have taken, would have been to bring his action and wait the result; the public would have been better able to judge of the *real* circumstances, than by an *ex-parte* statement, in which (as Balfe himself confesses) all his own letters are *not* the *exact* copies of those he sent to Phillips.

In conclusion, I blush to see the names of such respectable men as Messrs. Wilson, Loder, Stretton, Barker, and M'Ian, at the end of this disgusting pamphlet, sanctioning its publication.

Trusting, Mr. "Musical World," that as you have had *your say*, on the side of Messrs. Balfe and Co.'s entire, whether *you* agree with me or not, you will allow my letter to produce its effect upon the minds of your readers.—I am, yours,

Albemarle-street.

SPECTATOR.

[We have had much hesitation in printing the above, and we very reluctantly prolong a discussion which, for the advantage of all parties, it were better to leave to the judicial decision that awaits it. There is, however, a candour and fairness in the arguments of "Spectator" that entitle them to attention from all unprejudiced readers; and, though most of the points alluded to have been noticed in our last number, we give the letter insertion to prove that we have no particular relish for "Balfe and Co.'s Entire;" but have taken the pledge, and we will keep it, as drinkers and defenders of the pure springs of Art and Justice.

We also, as a measure of fair play, extract the following from the "Observer" newspaper of last Sunday, in order that we may lend a helping hand to the dissemination of Mr. Phillips's explanation, which ought to be read by all who have perused the widely-circulated contents of Mr. Balfe's pamphlet. But we desire distinctly to state, that to avoid disagreeable personalities, and the prejudice of a question which it is not for us to decide, we must decline all future correspondence on the subject, unless it be from the parties or persons implicated, in justification or elucidation of their conduct and views.—ED. M. W.]

"TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, AND TO THE PUBLIC.

"The attempt which Mr. M. W. Balfe has recently made to injure me in the estimation of the public, by a gross misrepresentation of facts, and by the unwarrantable publication of a strictly confidential correspondence, obliges me in my own justification to explain fully the real causes of my leaving the English Opera House.

"It must be evident to any one who has read Mr. Balfe's statement, that the matters referred to in my letters from Dublin had nothing to do whatever with our subsequent disagreement or my withdrawal from the theatre; consequently, he cannot plead even this as a justification for the gross and unmanly breach of faith which he has committed.

"In conformity with my agreement I appeared at the theatre as soon as my recovery from a severe accident in Ireland permitted me to undertake so long a journey; and it required but a very short time to satisfy me that the affairs of the theatre were sadly mismanaged, and that the great object which I had chiefly in view in originally joining the company, viz., the encouragement and advancement of English opera, was wholly lost sight of.

"In my original interview with Mr. Balfe relative to the opening of the theatre I at once saw the probability of success, and agreed that I would reduce my terms *one half* if every other principal performer would do the same, taking as a standard the last salaries we had respectively received at either of the national theatres. This, he afterwards told me, was agreed to, but, to my *utter astonishment*, I found on my return from Dublin that instead of the salaries being *reduced*, they had (with the solitary exception of my own) been actually augmented *more than one half of what the parties had ever received before*. This was clearly a breach of our agreement, and I lost no time (as Mr. Balfe correctly states) in expressing my opinion upon this subject, and upon the general mismanagement of the theatre, in a manner not to be mistaken. My suggestions were wholly disregarded, and myself personally treated with the greatest contempt; abusive and intemperate language was used towards me by Mr. Balfe upon all occasions, such as no gentleman could tolerate, and which induced me not to attend any meeting of the committee without the presence of my solicitor, which they would not accede to. Matters continued in this unsatisfactory state for some days, when, with the knowledge and concurrence of Mr. Wilson, I drew up and delivered to Mr. Balfe (through the hands of Mr. Hampton, the trea-

surer) a written statement of what I considered requisite for the full success of the speculation. This paper Mr. Balfe has most unfairly chosen to suppress in the published correspondence; the chief proposition, however, which it contained, was that another prima donna should be added to the company by entering into an engagement with either Miss Romer or Miss Deley, for the purpose of producing without delay Mr. John Barnett's and Mr. Macfarren's new operas; and here I beg especially to direct the attention of the subscribers and the public to this fact, because Mr. Balfe has chosen to accuse me of treating both the one and the other with disrespect, whilst it is evident that, in making such a proposition, I could be actuated by no other than the most respectful feeling towards the public, who were disposed to encourage us, and to the subscribers, who had so liberally contributed to our success. Mr. Balfe's reply to this proposition of mine was that "he had no objection to negotiate with Miss Deley, who, he was sure, would not accept the terms we were enabled to offer; but as for Miss Romer, she should not be suffered under ANY CIRCUMSTANCES to enter the theatre." The reason for Mr. Balfe's disgraceful antipathy towards this most talented and amiable lady is well known to many parties both here and in Dublin.

"A still greater act of injustice towards me was committed shortly after by a resolution to give Mr. Wilson (one of the parties to our agreement) the sum of £30 per week for several weeks (on the plea of his having given up some other engagement), while I, who had made greater sacrifices for the success of the theatre than any individual connected with it, was not awarded one farthing; neither have I, from the commencement of the season to the present moment, received any remuneration whatever for my services. This additional and flagrant breach of our agreement induced me at once to leave a theatre which I feel justified in saying, has been conducted in a manner and upon principles equally unfair to the public and injurious to the profession.

"In reference to some hasty and intemperate expressions contained in my correspondence, written under circumstances of extreme irritation, and which Mr. Balfe has had the indelicacy to publish, undoubtedly there are some which I would not for a moment attempt to justify—on the contrary, I blushed to see what I had written, but which had entirely escaped my recollection. In that portion of the correspondence there are feelings expressed which I am sure those who know me will do me the justice of acknowledging I could never seriously entertain for an instant, and which, except in a momentary fit of great excitement, I could never even have penned. I cannot, however, avoid saying, that with every sentiment of regret and contrition for any such expressions, I would, upon the most mature reflection, rather bear the responsibility of hastily writing than the odium of deliberately publishing such a confidential communication.—I have the honour to be, your very obedient and humble servant,

"H. PHILLIPS.

"April 30, 1841. 35, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.

"P.S. I am at all times disposed to pay deference to the opinions of the public press, but the unfeeling and libellous articles which have appeared in a Sunday paper have compelled me to institute legal proceedings against the parties, who will now have the opportunity of proving whether their assertions are correct or not."

## REVIEW.

*Six convivial Glees Illustrative of the History of England, written by G. Macfarren, Esq.; composed by G. Alexander Macfarren. Hill and Co., No. 4.*

The subject of this glee is Queen Bess; it is exceedingly well done in the mock heroic style. The music is an imitation of the Old English, that is, not of the faults—the want of rhythm, the false relations, and the abominable disregard of any key, but of, perhaps, the only thing worth imitating in the old school, the boldness and clearness of the melody of the parts, which, in this glee, lie well for the different voices, and have a clear and distinct song. There is an extremely effective bass solo lying between D above the lines, and A first space. The words are exceedingly droll, although both they and the music are free from any trace of vulgarity. We can recommend this as very well calculated to add to the merriment of any social party. We presume, however, that this cannot be an orthodox glee, as it is full of character, and we do not think that any words would suit the music so well as those to which it was written; it is, in fact, a dramatic glee. In all these particulars it is the very antipodes of the good old style of English glee, where any one set of words of the same rhythm would suit



the music as well as their own, however different their character; such glees, in fact, as those of Messrs. Horsley, Stevens and Co., *en passant*, the former of these gentlemen is called the father of the English school—a man to be a father must have children, if so, to parody a very beautiful little Persian sentence, “The children of his age, where are they? and Echo answered, where are they? We may be wrong, but we hope, if we are to have glees, that ere long, the good old style of glee-writing will give way to the much better new style.

*An Evening Service consisting of the Cantate Domino, and Deus Miseratur, in the key of B flat. Joseph Angel, Vicar Choral of Chichester Cathedral. J. A. Novello, London. Charles Angel, Chichester.*

This Service occupies 28 pages, the price is 10s. It appears by the subscription list annexed that 140 copies have been subscribed for; if the author receive his subscription money, he will, at least, not be amongst those who can complain of their merit being neglected. We have a great many objections to make to this Service.

In the first place, it is like most of its brethren, deficient in rhythm; in the next place, it utterly wants expression. The Cantate Domino, and Deus Miseratur, are precisely of the same *want of character*. In the next place, there is not any thing which (out of a cathedral) would be called a melody. It is exceedingly tiresome from the perpetual recurrence to the key, with full closes on the tonic about every 10 bars, and half closes on the dominant about midway between each; varied with false relations and bad progressions; some few of these we shall point out. In the first page, the chord of A flat is followed by the chord of F major, the only A flat falling to F in the bass, and the E flat moving to A natural. On the word marvellous occur two unprepared diminished 7ths. Should this be? Page 2,  $\frac{4}{4}$  on C, followed by  $\frac{3}{4}$  on A. Page 4,  $\frac{3}{4}$  on C, followed by 6th on A the 3d the discord vanishing. Page 5 is a fugue subject of three bars; here the key of B flat should not be changed until the change of time, the natural to the E's only make bad progressions. In page 7 is a most ear-piercing progression. Common chord of B flat diminished 5th on F sharp (the D rising to the F sharp, the F natural to the A) then common chord of G major. Page 8 is a semi-chorus consisting of a phrase of 4 bars and 3 quarters. In page 9 is a progression in contrary motion in sequence which we like very much. In page 12, at the words, “For he cometh,” is an utter confusion of keys and chords. The obligato pedals to the “glory” only serve to confuse the harmony. We think these examples will suffice; and we are really too tired to write any more, as were we to do so, we think our readers would be to read them.

Most of the faults in this service belong to what they call the good old English church music; the constant habit of singing prose, by degrees detaches the ear from any strong feeling for rhythm, until at last it loses it altogether, and the music of the person so accustomed wanders on apparently without any end or object but that of spinning out the words through a certain number of pages. The habit of passing from major to minor, and minor to major of the same key, may plead custom as its excuse; but such “custom,” we think would be better honoured in the breach than in the observance.” There are many other customs in music which we should be glad to have swept away, and we do not see why they should be retained because our forefathers used them; for, were this argument good, we ought to walk about *al cuerpo*, dine with the wolves, and sup with Nebuchadnezzar.

*A Selection from the Choruses of G. F. Handel, arranged for the organ by Henry G. Nixon, Nos. 46 to 51 both inclusive. Monro and May.*

*The Choruses of Handel, newly arranged from the full score for the Organ, by J. Stevenson, Esq., B.A., Trin. Coll. Cam. J. J. Ewer and Co. Book I.*

The selection of Mr. Nixon, consists of twelve chorusses; it would be useless to say what they are, as there is nothing new in the manner of arrangement, nor does Mr. Nixon pretend that there is. The great object, as in most organ arrangements, is, in the full parts, to get as many notes into the two hands as possible, without caring at all in which hand they happen to be. If, after having played handfuls of chords in the bass to passages in the treble, a passage

occur in the bass, the handful of chords is transferred to the treble; and back again, if a passage occur in the treble; even though either passage should not contain two bars.

Mr. Stevenson's arrangement in this book consists of six chorusses. The arranger gives as a reason for publishing this, that, "with the exception of six chorusses edited by Mr. Gauntlett, no edition has been published which shows the clear progression of the parts, &c." Not having the scores before us, we cannot undertake to say whether this arrangement show the clear progression of the parts or not, but we hope not; for, in the very first page, the progression of the parts is anything but clear, the parts changing from three to four or five, and back again, apparently without any reason. However, enough of these particular arrangements; now to speak of arrangements in general. How is it that there are such an infinite number of arrangements of Handel, by persons whose names are never heard of in any other way? Most of these arrangements are the parts copied from the score, and as fit for the organ as they would be for the bagpipes. We think it almost time that these arrangements ceased to be made; there are quite enough for any useful purpose. In these days, when so many young men read from score with facility, they, if made, can only be so to gratify the *amour propre* of some illustrious obscure, by seeing his name in print, or done as jobs, for the sake of *filthy lucre*, by men whose names have often appeared in print before such as Bishop, Loder, &c. We hope that, for the future, men who have any musical talents will turn their attention to original composition, and not to libelling great composers, by bad arrangements of their works. We do not recommend them to publish all they write. Heaven preserve us from the infliction! But let them go on writing and burning; with perseverance, and they may in time write something of sufficient merit to deserve its escaping the fiery ordeal.

## MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

### METROPOLITAN.

MISS LIGHTFOOT'S CONCERT took place on Thursday last, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's-square. The performers were, Mme. Caradori Allen and Mr. Hawkins; Messrs. Blagrove, Willy, Hill, Hausmann, Howell, Richardson, G. Cooke, Jarrett, and the *beneficiaire*. The vocal department, as usual, consisted of tales told a hundred times; the novelties of the day were a *Fantasia* and a *Trio* for a pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, the composition of Miss Lightfoot, and performed by her, the latter in communion with Mr. Willy and Mr. Haussmann; they were creditable specimens of the lady's musical knowledge and command of her instrument. Miss L. also took part in Hummel's Septuor, which, with the rest of the concert, gave great satisfaction to a highly respectable audience.

NEW MUSICAL FUND.—We were happy to see a very full attendance at the annual concert of this excellent institution, which took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday evening. This society is, we believe, an off-shoot from the Royal Society of Musicians, and was established April 16th, 1786, for the mutual support and assistance of its members, since when, very large sums have been yearly disbursed amongst the aged and disabled, their widows and families. Such associations cannot be too highly commended, and the public should know that a small subscription or donation to this laudable fund, entitles each patron to a couple of admissions to the concert, generally one of the best of the season, on which occasion the members and their professional brethren testify their gratitude by contributing their assistance gratuitously.

The performance on this occasion was the *Creation*, a work which, in every sense, deserves to be called "Grand," and to rank beside the master efforts of musical genius. Mr. Leigh Hunt, in one of his critical essays, declares that Shakspeare would have been entitled to the highest honours of a poet if he had never written but one line, which occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*:—

"See how the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank."

and we think that we shall find a general accordance with our opinion that Haydn would have merited his everlasting laurel had he done nothing more than the setting of the words, "Let there be light and there was light:" it is a musical miracle, which, to us, comes like a supernatural inspiration, waking at once our feelings, and senses, and admiration—creating a new atmosphere around us, in which we see and hear and appreciate everything more brightly and truly. The oratorio is full of beauty, but the mind constantly recurs to this one feature, as the eye does to the bright intelligent glances of a lovely face.

The band and chorus, under the direction of Sir George Smart, did their duty well, and Mr. H. Smart at the organ afforded a profitable example to the organist of the Exeter Hall concerts, by playing just so much as was essential, and no more. Miss Rainforth sang "With verdure clad," charmingly, as did Mr. Hobbs "In native worth;" Miss Birch gave "On mighty pens" with her accustomed ease and correctness, and Mr. Machin was potent and eloquent in "God created great whales;" but the palm of the evening was won by Mr. W. Harrison for his delivery of "In splendour bright," in which he outdid his usual self, and proved that the *Beast-ly* twaddle of his Covent-garden-Olympic *burlettas* are no criterion whatever of his better capabilities. Between the first and second parts M. Vieuxtemps played his *Fantasie Caprice* with matchless perfection and universal applause.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—We have, once again, the pleasure to set before our readers a legitimate Philharmonic programme—a selection, such as in bygone years was wont to sharpen the mental appetite of the musical epicure, attracting him from remoteness without the facility of steam or rail, and sending him home to spread the fame of the society, wherever music could claim a friend, or boast an influence—

## PART I.

Sinfonia (No. 9), composed for the Philharmonic Society, terminating with Schiller's Ode to Joy. Principal singers, Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Phillips, with chorus ..... Beethoven.

## PART II.

Overture, (Jubilee) .....	C. M. von Weber.
Cantata, Non temer—Miss Birch, with pianoforte obligato, Mr. Moscheles	Mozart.
Solo, flute M. Dorus (his first appearance) .....	
Air, Mr. Phillips, "O God, have mercy (St. Paul) .....	Mendelssohn Bartholdy
Trio, two violoncellos and Contra basso, Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Dragonetti .....	Corelli.
Cavatina, From the ruins' topmost tower, Miss M. B. Hawes (Vampyr) ..	Marschner.
Overture, (Zauberflöte) .....	Mozart.

Leader, Mr. Loder; conductor Mr. Moscheles.

The ninth symphony of Beethoven, which seems to us as the ninth step of his giant genius—not ladderwise, but onwards—not higher in the regions of the sublime, but further into the omnipotence of music—this wondrous symphony has had a strange fate. It was written expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and tried and rehearsed by them, and laid aside as a thing impracticable, till it had been frequently heard and admired on the continent; when the directors, blushing at their former ignorance or mal-adroitness, ordered the copies to be sorted out of the lumber of their library, and actually caused the impossible thing to be done in 1837—but it was reserved for Monday last to achieve the glory of an ample justice to this Leviathan work. The band was, to a man, on the *qui vive*, and the conductor, Mr. Moscheles, threw a life-spell—a spirit—a soul into the orchestra that gave simultaneous and emulative power to all. The result was as might have been long ago foreseen—and Beethoven's manes are now appeased.

We shrink from the task of dissecting this mighty production, to do which with decent adequacy, would fill a volume rather than a paragraph, and would then be but the exhibition of a few scattered stones from Gaza epitomizing the parent pyramid. It is the original example, since frequently followed, of blending voices in a great instrumental piece; and, like many other experiments or discoveries in orchestral combination put forth by this great master, has developed the resources and powers of the art as far as they are likely to be—at least, till a new age and another Beethoven shall dawn upon the ever still-waking world. Let the Philharmonic Society repeat this Symphony, and follow it up by similar

sterling efforts, and they will not only wipe off the stains and mildews which weakness in their managers, and servility to "the few," have drawn over them; but they will force the public and musical Europe to restore their diadem and rally under their sway.

After the great excitement of the first act, the second very naturally went off but dully and languidly; till, as if by way of rousing the audience at the eleventh hour, the *Zauberflöte* was taken at a speed so monstrous as to defy the legerity of all but Philharmonic fingers, and render impossible the ear's attempt to follow them. M. Dorus is a charming flutist; and though his music was but of the poorest quality, it was unpretending and of a bearable length—so that his solo was by no means a heavy infliction. The singers acquitted themselves well, and Mr. Moscheles deserves all praise, both for his very careful rehearsal and his expert generalship on this triumphant occasion.

#### FOREIGN.—VIENNA.

[From a Correspondent.]

A little news from this part of the world may be acceptable, especially as I shall speak principally of a country-woman of ours, who is gaining honours for herself and her *alma mater*, the Royal Academy of Music, wherever she goes.

Mrs. Alfred Shaw, who is generally soubriquetted *l'Inglese*, appeared here on Thursday last, with the Frezzolini, Poggi, and Moriani, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and, without the least exaggeration, made a *furor*; the *Brindisi*, which has been sung here the last two seasons by Signora Brambilla, was encored. She will appear shortly in *La Donna del Lago* with Donzelli, who, at the age of fifty-four, is, I assure you, as fresh and young as ever. The theatres Mrs. Shaw has sung at since her engagement with the *impresario* (manager), Signor Merelli, are—the *Scala*, at Milan (two seasons); the *Venice*, at Venice; the *Carignano*, at Turin; at Udine, and here; where it is most probable she will be engaged for next year, unless an acceptable offer should reach her from London, where she ought to be.

Thalberg is here; his concert last Wednesday was a perfect "cram." He and Mrs. Shaw are engaged to play at the Court to-morrow. Coletti is much liked by the Viennese; he did very wrong in appearing at the *Scala* last Christmas, in *Torquato Tasso*, after such a man as Ronconi.

I had some chat with the *cara sposa* of our English *contralto* yesterday, and was glad to hear that she would prefer to be at home to all the honours and emoluments of her present migratory life; and that she would like better to sing on the English than the Italian stage, provided an opera were written for her, no present English opera containing a *contralto* part.

I suppose you are as gay as possible in London just now—we are here, to the greatest extent.

Vienna, April 21st, 1841.

#### PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

CHERTHAM—*Glee Club*.—On Monday week this harmonious society held its eighth meeting for the present season, and the club room was again found to be too small for the numbers presenting themselves for admission. The selection consisted of many old and established favourites, embracing a considerable variety of styles in the glee-school of composition. "The fairest flowers," by Danby, after "Glorious Apollo" had been sung, made a beautiful opening. Hargreaves's prize glee, "Bear me sweet fancy;" Shore's "Of a' the airts," sung in a style which would have delighted Burns himself could he have heard it, by Messrs. Buck, Walton, Clough, and Hughes; "Come, beauteous May," by Spofforth; a five-voice glee, which had the powerful aid of Mr. Isherwood's voice in the lower bass, who was loudly greeted on his appearance in the room; "Fill the bowl," by Dyne, and "O, bold Robin Hood," Bishop's fine chorus, with the three tenor solos from his opera of *Maid Marian*, closed the first part. This chorus was so well done as to be unanimously encored. The second part opened with "Give me a cup of the grape's

bright dew;" it was very finely sung, Mr. Walton taking the solo. This was followed by Bishop's "No more the morn with tepid rays." The setting of Dr. Johnson's poetry in this glee is quite a musical picture; it was well sung by Mr. Heelis, Mr. S. Cooper, and Messrs. Isherwoods. "If love and all the world," by Webbe was next sung. The favourite Italian trio of Guglielmi's "Giuro alla terra" formed an agreeable variety, and was sung with great spirit by Messrs. Walton, James Isherwood and Gale. Clifton's fine glee, "'Twas in the dark and dismal hour of night," was also very well given by Messrs. Heelis, Walton, Clough, Sheldrick, and Hughes. The next piece was a Swiss air; harmonized by Rimbault, called "Happy land." After which, Tom Cooke's "Fill me, boy, as deep a draught," made a capital finale. It is one of the best Bacchanalian chorusses, and was never heard to more advantage. After the May meeting (which will be the last for the season), the club-room of this society will be very considerably enlarged, so as to allow of an extension of the present limited number of eighty subscribers to ninety or a hundred, with accommodation for their friends.

CHELLENHAM, MAY 1ST.—*Master Taylor's Concert*, at the Rotunda, on Saturday last, was unfortunate in weather—the afternoon proving very wet. In consequence of this, the attendance was by no means so numerous as had been expected. The young Harper's performances were, notwithstanding the discouraging appearance of the room, as brilliant and successful as they could have possibly been under more auspicious circumstances—acquitting himself in all the pieces in the most masterly and skilful manner. Miss Taylor also sang two or three songs with great sweetness and expression, evidencing very superior musical cultivation, united to vocal powers of a high order. Mr. Taylor accompanied his son and daughter in several of the compositions; and Mr. Royal contributed to the entertainment of the company by some beautifully executed pieces on the flute, which were loudly applauded, as indeed were the whole of the performances, and that most deservedly.

SALISBURY, APRIL 26TH.—On Monday last, the Distin Family gave an evening concert at the Assembly Rooms, when a highly respectable audience expressed themselves much pleased with the entertainment provided. The elder Mr. Distin's performance on the trumpet displayed the most perfect mastery of that difficult instrument. The efforts of Messrs. H. and W. Distin on the French horn were little, if at all inferior—and the Quartets and Quintets by the whole of the family were performed with a taste and precision that commanded the admiration of all present. In the course of the evening, Mrs. Este sang various popular songs, ballads, &c., in a very pleasing style.

A second Concert took place at the theatre on Friday evening, in the presence of a crowded and elegant auditory.

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. Richardson, the flautist, had a Concert here on Friday last, which was well attended. He was assisted by his professional brothers, Messrs. Platt and Baumann, whose performances, as well as his own, were greatly applauded. Miss Woodyatt, Mrs. A. Toulmin, and Mr. John Parry, sang several songs with their usual success. The latter was, of course, called on for a repeat, and of course made an Irish encore, by singing something else. Is he not a Welshman?

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGLISH OPERA.—*The Siege of Rochelle* was revived last night, for the benefit of Mrs. Balfie, on which occasion the band was most ably directed by Mr. Oury, formerly one of the leaders of the Italian Opera orchestra, whose abilities are far more justly appreciated abroad than at home. Mr. Oury used to be a solo-player of a very superior order, and his reputation stands high on the continent—he has not been heard in this country for several years, but the tact with which he last night handled the reins, proves him to be an adroit *cochée* in the management of a long team through a devious thoroughfare, and fully entitles him to the honours of the road. Mrs. Maberly's operetta, "A day near Turin," is an inoffensive trifle, commendable as a helping mite towards the establishment; for we are told, the fair authoress has liberally paid for the new scenes, dresses, and other expenses of the production, besides making a present of the piece to the theatre, and enlisting a host of fashionable visitors to the boxes. *The Maid of Artois* will be the next opera. Mr. E. J. Loder's *Ruth* having been withdrawn by the express desire of Mr. J. T. Haines, the author of the Libretto.

GERMAN OPERA.—It is said, Mr. Andrews of Bond-street, the responsible atlas of this enterprise, is, up to the present moment, *minus* in the sum of 7000*l.*—if true, we regret this extremely, and we are happy to learn that materials are

yet in store, by which some reimbursement is expected to the spirited and liberal undertaker. The success of the Germans, last year, in Mr. Braham's little house, excited high hopes for the present season; but Drury-lane Theatre is too vast for the limited circle whence audiences to this species of entertainment is to be drawn; and the nonsensical raising of the prices has kept hundreds of the merely curious away. Mr. Andrews should bring his own "business" tactics to bear—diminish the prices 40 or 50 per cent., and produce something of merit which is not known already by heart amongst us (if, indeed, the German opera *Repertoire* can furnish such, which we doubt), and he may yet bring up the heavily-laden craft with a wet sail.

**ITALIAN OPERA.**—It is rumoured abroad and at home, that M. Laporte retires at the close of the present season, which may account for the wholesale manner in which he is sweeping all before him, to leave, as it were, an open course for his successors—the parties so named are Lord Lowther, Mr. Webber (well known in musical society), and a gentleman of the law. The houses are excellent, and the treasurer in full occupation—indeed, nothing short of incessant overflows can redeem the enormous expenditure of the present "high-pressure" speculation.

**CHURCH MUSIC.**—A hymn, composed by Lord Burghersh, was performed, for the first time, on Sunday last, at Hanover Chapel, Regent-street. His Lordship was desirous that the piece should have been accompanied by harps, according to the Davidian precedent; but an orthodox demur having been whispered over the back of his pew, the harpists were "directed" by Mr. Lucas to let their engagements stand over till the benefit ball of the academy in June, and the hymn was sung by the pupils of the academy. Mr. Lucas doing the best he could for the accompaniment on the organ.

**NEW ORGAN AT ETON.**—The opening of this fine new instrument, noticed the week before last, was unavoidably postponed to last Sunday, when the College Chapel was thronged, and the qualities of the organ gave universal satisfaction.

**MISS CHAMBERS, THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.**—A morning concert for the benefit of this lady will take place at the Opera Concert Room to-morrow, when a large attendance of her (once) associates (now) patronesses may be expected.

**M. GODEFROID**, an eminent performer on the harp, has just arrived in London from Paris, and will make his first appearance at Mr. John Parry's concert to-morrow evening.

**MRS. ALBAN CROFT** has been singing at the Dublin Theatre with great success—she is now fulfilling a short engagement at Cork.

**LORD BURGHERSH** takes the chair at the Melodist's Club this evening.

**MISS DAY.**—This clever young pianiste performed at a party given by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, on Monday evening, the 26th ult., and received the highest encomiums from the numerous distinguished guests.

**ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT.**—The second performance by the pupils of this institution will take place on Saturday next at the Hanover-square Rooms.

**MR. T. COOKE** is appointed Musical Director of Drury Lane Theatre for next season, which will not commence till the 26th of December.

**MR. ROOKE** has a comic opera in preparation at Covent Garden, which will be produced forthwith.

**MISS BRUCE WYATT**, hitherto known to concert-goers as Miss Bruce, has resumed her patrimonial name, which from family considerations she had abandoned, at the suggestion of several influential friends and patrons. The lady is related to the late Sir Geoffry Wyattville, who tacked the tertian syllable to his legitimate cognomen, by licence from his Macenas, George IV:

**M. PANOFKA** the violinist, and editor of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Paris, has arrived in London. M. Panofka had the honour to perform at a select musical party given last week at Cambridge House.

**MESSRS. SEGUIN, GIUBILEI, AND MANVERS**, **MRS. SEGUIN** AND **MISS POOLE**, are cashing their notes in the American provinces at a very considerable premium; the firm travels *ensemble*, and gives operas wherever a theatre or large room, and a few fiddlers can be procured.

**PROGRAMME OF THE CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC** of Wednesday, May 5th, 1841, under the direction of Earl Howe; conductor Mr. Turle:—



## PART I.

Overture.—Chorus, How excellent.—Semi-Chorus, How excellent (Saul)	Handel.
Air, Hear me, hear thou my prayer.....	Cherubini.
Glee, Hence, all ye vain delights, Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Pearsall and Phillips.....	Webbe.
Chorus, Stabat mater.—Air, Cojus animus—Mr. Hobbs.—Air, O quam tristis, Miss Hawes (Stabat Mater) Chorus, Quam mirabat.....	Clari.
Recit., Tranquillo io son.—Aria, Ombra adorata (Romeo e Giulietta) ..	Zingarelli.
Madrigal, Have I found her?.....	Bateson.
Trio, Loder, Lindley, and Dragonetti.....	Handel.
Song—Laudate, Miss Birch.....	Mozart.
Grand Chorus—Hallelujah! (Mount of Olives).....	Beethoven.

## PART II.

Overture—(Zauberflöte).....	Mozart.
Hymn—Miserere (full choir).....	Palestrina.
Recit., My prayers are heard.—Song, Tears such as tender—Mr. Phillips (Deborah).....	Handel.
Sestetto, Dominus a dextris.....	Pergolesi.
Glee, O Nanny, Miss B. Wyatt, Messrs. Hawkins, Pearsall and Machin.....	Carter and Harrison.
Recit., Our fervent prayers.—Duet and Chorus, O what varied, Miss Birch and Mr. Hobbs—Chorus, Marvellous are thy works (Seasons) ..	Haydn.
Solo and Chorus, Alma Virgo—Mme. Caradori Allen.....	Hummel.
Recit.,—Divine Andante.—Duet and Chorus, To arms, Messrs. Pearsall and Machin (Bonduca).....	Purcell.
Air, Jehovah crown'd, Miss Hawes.—Chorus, He comes (Esther) .....	Handel.

The sixth performance, on the 12th inst., will be under the direction of Lord Burghersh.

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Thursday—(this day) the meeting of the Melodist's; and Mrs. Mason's Concert.  
 Friday—Miss Chambers' Concert in the morning; Mr. John Parry and Mrs. A. Toulmin in the evening.  
 Saturday—Royal Academy Concert in the morning; and the last meeting of the Glee Club.  
 Monday—Rehearsal of the Sixth Ancient Concert in the morning; Societa Armonica and the last Quartet Concert in the evening.  
 Tuesday—Rehearsal of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's; the Misses Pyne's concert in the evening.  
 Wednesday—Mme. Caradori Allan's morning concert, and the Sixth Ancient Concert, in the evening.  
 English Opera, every evening.  
 German Opera, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.  
 Italian Opera, Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Amateur"—Students must be introduced to the Royal Academy of Music by a member, and undergo an examination by the Principal; if accepted, the charges are—Ten guineas entrance; in-door students, fifty guineas per annum; students who board and lodge at home, thirty guineas. Full particulars may be had of Mr. Smith, at the Office in Tenterden-street.  
 "Fagotto"—Not to our knowledge.  
 "Mr. Holland" is thanked. He will hear from us respecting the R. S. F. M.  
 "Periwinkle" is not to our taste.  
 "Aristides"—By no means.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## PIANOFORTE.

Gomien's Pas Syrien	Boosey.
—Stretta di Lucrezia Borgia	Ditto.
—Bluette di Sarah	Ditto.
Kalkbrenner's Rondoletto on Donizetti's La Favorite	Ditto.
Macfarren, G. A.—L'Aurore Boreale, Rondo a la Valse	Chappell.
Herrman, A. P.—Second set of Quadrilles	Wessel.
Chopin.—Seventh Set of Mazurkas, op. 41	Ditto.
Guglielmo, P. D.—Son passate l'ore liete, Romanza	Mills.
Donizetti.—Una voce al cor (Gemma di Verger) cavatina	Ditto.
—Dio pietoso ditto, duetto	Ditto.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Molique's Works, no. 18, Second Quartet, for 2 violins, tenor, and violoncello, op. 17	Wessel.
Captain Grant.—The Sea and the Lake, two characteristic pieces for violoncello, with piano	Ditto.
Mozart's 12th Mass, 4 Subjects from, as duets, by Dr. Crotch	Mills.

## GUITAR.

Horetzky, Felix.—Sixty National Airs	Chappell.
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## VOCAL.

Bordogni, 6th Book of Solfeggios on Nouvelles Vocalises donec six avec paroles, Italiennes pour mezzo soprano	Boosey.
Wessel and Co.'s Series of German Songs, no. 255, Lovely is my distant home	Wessel.
—A ride I once was taking, by Kucken	Ditto.
Horsley, W.—Bloom gentle flower, duet	Chappell.
—Maureen, ballad	Ditto.
Cowell, Miss.—Where do the angels dwell, mother	Ditto.
Loftus, Mrs. G.—What soft low strains	Ditto.
Siren, no. 4.—Tears of Love, duet by F. Otto	Ever.
—no. 5, The Rainbow, ditto, Spohr	Ditto.
Lodge Ellerton.—The festal summer, two voices; Stevens, from Oberon, pianoforte accompaniment, by Horsley	Mills.

# NEW MUSIC. W. S. BENNETT'S FOURTH CONCERTO for the

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Classical Practices for Pianoforte Students, selected from the most celebrated Composers, ancient and modern; intended as preparatory studies to the more abstruse and difficult compositions belonging to the present school of pianoforte playing. Edited by W. S. Bennett.

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- .. 4. Pinto's Sonata..... 4s.
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